

The Crimson Stain Mystery

Novelized by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE from the Consolidated Motion Picture Triumph.

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Synopsis.

HAROLD STANLEY, son of a New York publisher, is in love with Florence Montrose, daughter of Dr. Montrose, who has spent his life perfecting a machine to rejuvenate humanity. Stanley has been in the police activity in the mysterious murder of fourteen wealthy New Yorkers, each strangled by a being of superhuman power. The first view of the murderer is obtained by Florence Montrose, when Stanley's father is made the fifteenth victim in her home. In an attempt to put Stanley out of the way because of his crusade Pierre La Rue, the slayer, discovers that Florence recognizes him. La Rue's son Tanner kidnaps Florence. Stanley runs the auto down and finds that the girl has been put into a hypnotic trance. The spell is broken by La Rue's unexpected visit to the Montrose home. Then Florence is lured by a forged note to a house in the Bronx which is blown up just as Stanley escapes with her.

Florence recognizes Tanner and follows him. She is caught and made a prisoner in Vanya Tosca's apartment. Lambert Truxton, the diamond king, is found dead in Vanya's apartment. Florence escapes from Tanner as he is taking her from Vanya's.

Pierre La Rue plans to kill both Florence and Stanley. His plans fail and La Rue is captured, but explodes a bomb among the police and escapes.

EPISODE 6.

The Phantom Image.

IT WAS early the next afternoon that Harold Stanley mounted the steps of the great Montrose house at Riverdale. His shoulders were squared and his jaws set, for he was very much afraid.

In other words, he was planning to tell Florence Montrose that he loved her.

He had told himself weeks earlier that love must have no place in his life until he should have achieved his goal of solving the Crimson Stain mystery and of bringing his father's murderer to justice.

But of late several things had changed his resolve. Not only was his love for Florence growing to an intensity that made silence a torture, but he felt that his little sweet heart needed some more powerful protector than her visionary and overbusy father.

Wherefore he had at last come to his momentous resolution.

Felix, the shifty-eyed manservant, admitted him to the big front hall; but was saved the trouble of going in search of Florence by that young lady's appearance at the head of the stairs. She was descending from the upper regions of the house.

"I'm so glad you're here!" she hailed the guest as Felix disappeared, "because now I'll be able to show you my wonderful new toy."

As she spoke she held up for inspection a camera that was slung by a strap from her shoulder.

"A new camera, eh?" commented Stanley. "But what's the excitement? You have no less than three already. I gave you one of them myself. And—"

"But this is different," she explained. "Look! That queer-shaped adjustable lens is the famous 'microscope lens' attachment you've read so much about in the scientific magazines. It is really a microscope. It will photograph details that the naked eye can hardly see. It will take a 4 by 5 picture of the very tiniest leaf or insect. It's wonderful. Come along and help me experiment with it. We might photograph—"

"Hold on! I'd be glad to help you in any deep scientific researches you choose. But not just now, if you don't mind. You see, I've something terribly important to tell you. And, if I wait, I'm afraid my courage will give out."

"Is it something new about the Crimson Stain?" she asked eagerly. "No," he returned. "It's nothing about the Crimson Stain. And it's nothing new. It's the very oldest story in all the world; and the very sweetest. May I tell it to you, dear?"

Impulsively he caught both her little hands in his.

"Florence!" he said, his voice low and vibrant. "You must surely know what I want to say. You must have known all along how I—"

He got no further. A heavy step sounded on the landing of the stairs just above where he and Florence stood. Stanley knew the step of Dr. Montrose.

Presently, seeing that the doctor had no intention of going back to his laboratory and that his own chances of a word alone with Florence were very light, Harold decided sulkily that he must postpone his proposal until some time when Montrose should be busy or else away from home.

Scarcely had the doctor quitted his laboratory, five minutes earlier, on his way downstairs to Florence and Stanley, when Felix had glided silently down the hallway of the laboratory wing and had tried the door. Fifty times during the past few months he had done this, in his employer's brief absences from the laboratory. But almost always the spring lock held the door tight shut against him.

Today, however, the door seemed to be on the latch. Felix thrilled with excitement at his own good luck. He had always been morbidly curious about this mysterious room. And now



They were busily developing the plate they had exposed, when—

he saw a chance to gratify his curiosity.

As he stood, peering about him, he heard a faint noise that seemed to come from the other side of an apparently blank wall. Scared, he crouched behind a table, just as a panel in the wainscoted wall began to slip to one side, revealing an inner room beyond the wall.

Through this opening appeared the head and shoulders of Tanner. As Felix stared bewilderedly at him, Tanner entered the laboratory and turned around to close the secret panel.

If once the panel should be closed, Felix knew he himself had scant hope of finding a way to open it again. Therefore, in the second that the other man's back was toward him, the servant sprang forward from behind the table and buried his talon-like fingers in Tanner's throat.

When Mr. Montrose, a half minute later, rushed into the laboratory, he saw the secret panel standing open and Tanner sprawled senseless on the floor.

At last Tanner opened his eyes. Shuddering, he looked wildly about him. The sight of the doctor leaning over him seemed to reassure the tough. To the wordless question in Montrose's eyes, he babbled, incoherently:

"No, I don't know who. I couldn't see him. But I felt the throat-grip, all right, as long as I could feel anything. It's—it's a warning, doc!"

A spasm of terror shook Dr. Montrose from head to foot.

Florence watched at the front door until Stanley was out of sight. Then, as she made as though to go back into the house, she saw Layton Parrish turn in from the street and start up the walk toward the veranda.

She advanced a step to meet the detective, and held out her hand toward him, courteously, if not cordially.

"Well, Miss Montrose," was Parrish's almost effusive greeting as he shook hands with her, "I hear you are to be congratulated on clearing young Clayton from the charge of killing Truxton Lambert."

"I'm so glad he is free!" she exclaimed, her heart warming to this bearer of good news. "I tried to tell you about the 'Figure in Black,' you remember. But you—"

"I know, I know," replied Parrish. "It was my own loss. If I'd taken your tip the credit of clearing young Clayton would be mine, and not Stanley's. That's why I've come here today. I'm beginning to get a pretty high idea of your detective powers, young lady, and I want to avail myself of them if you'll let me."

Flattered at this praise from the usually grumpy Parrish, she made answer.

"Why, certainly. What can I do?" "I've been making inquiries about that apartment house where Miss Vanya Tosca lives," he said.

"Yes?" "Well, it seems the house was a private dwelling years ago—before it was turned into apartments. It was built by an eccentric old chap, who put two secret passageways in it leading up from the cellar. That got me thinking. Will you help me?"

"Help you? How?" "By coming there with me and searching the cellar. A woman's wit and a woman's eyes are better than any man's. Perhaps you can solve the puzzle and find the second passageway. I've tried; and I can't find it."

Less than an hour later Parrish was ushering her into the dingy cellar of the apartment house. Through the front cellar he led the way, electric flashlight in hand, and to an inner room beyond the furnace.

"Look!" she interrupted, eagerly, her quick eye noticing an irregular oblong of wood that projected a few inches beyond the moldy side wall.

She laid hands on the slab of wood, and with all her young strength sought to push it to one side. To her delight the slab yielded at her first attempt and slid noiselessly to the left, revealing a narrow opening in the wall and the bare beginning of a flight of rude stone steps.

But, on the instant, the flashlight went out. And, simultaneously, she heard the sharp click of a door lock. Parrish had backed out of the room,

looking "its heavy" door behind him. Florence was alone, in the dark—a prisoner. She cried for help. No answer came.

Vanya Tosca was alone in her pretty flat. She was waiting for Pierre La Rue, who had bidden her to expect him. Already he was late, and the woman was nervously wondering why. Then came a ring at the outer door of the apartment. With a smile of eager welcome she ran to the door and flung it open.

On the threshold stood Harold Stanley.

"You'll forgive this intrusion, won't you, Miss Tosca?" asked Harold, as he entered the flat and went with her into the living room. "I stopped here on my way from Riverdale to the office because I wanted a rather important talk with you."

"Of course," assented Vanya, easily, as she seated herself on a rug-covered divan and motioned him to a chair facing her. "And you may smoke if you like. Do you care for a drink?"

"No, thank you," declined Stanley, adding: "I realized—and so do the police—that the murder of Truxton Lambert in your flat has thrown an unpleasant light on you. So has the kidnapping of Miss Montrose from Clayton's apartment while you were there. People are beginning to speak of you as a 'woman of mystery.' That sort of thing does you great harm. It is no affair of mine, of course. And if you resent my questions I've nothing further to say. But if you care to clear yourself—"

"Perhaps," she began, talking slowly, as though to stretch the narrative to the greatest possible length, "perhaps you will understand me better, Mr. Stanley, if I go back a little and tell you something of my earlier life. It will help explain what followed. You see, I was a Russian peasant girl. My parents were very poor. But my girlhood was happy. For I knew nothing better. Then, when I was 18—one day in the forest—I met Pierre La Rue."

As she was speaking the great framed picture on the opposite wall slowly swung outward, as though on hinges. In the aperture behind it appeared the face of Pierre La Rue.

Then the picture swung shut again. Stanley noticed that Vanya had ceased speaking. Her voice had trailed away into nothingness. Her wide eyes were fixed and glassy. They were staring at something directly behind Harold.

She did not move nor speak. And he saw, with amazement, that she was in a hypnotic trance. He saw more. In the wide pupil of her eye, as in a tiny mirror, he saw the perfect reflection of a man's face. The bearded and ghastly face of a man with hypnotically glowing eyes.

"Harold!" cried a girl's voice just behind the wondering Stanley.

He whirled about. The picture was swinging outward from the wall. In the opening behind it, stood Florence Montrose.

"I came here with Mr. Parrish to find a secret passageway," she explained, "and I was locked in. I followed a flight of stairs in the wall and at last I touched something that felt like canvas. I pushed and it opened. And I saw you and Miss Tosca. What in the world are you doing here? And what is the matter with her?"

"She is in some kind of stupor," said Harold, uncomfortably; adding: "Look at her eyes. Look close. What do you see?"

"Why—Why it's the reflection of a face—a man's face," she answered, staring more closely; then exclaiming in horror: "It is the face of the man who killed your father."

"No!" shouted Harold, incredulous. "Do you suppose I could forget it?" she demanded, trembling. "It is the murderer's face. I would swear to that."

"Quick!" he ordered. "Give me that camera. You say it has a microscopic lens. Quick!"

Before she could guess his intent, Stanley had opened and adjusted the camera. Gauging his distance, he took a time-exposure photograph of the image in Vanya's staring eye.

"She is coming back to her senses," reported Florence, who had been seeking to revive Vanya. "She—"

him failed. His heart had stopped beating and respiration had ceased for an hour before a physician was applied. Here's what he said about dying when he recovered consciousness at St. Alx's Hospital.

"Dying was quick and without pain. Coming back to life was slow and painful. When I stepped on the wire it

A thud, in the outer hall, shook the whole apartment. Running out to investigate, they found Parrish lying at full length on the hallway floor. As Harold drew near the detective slowly raised himself to his knees, clutching agonizingly at his throat.

"I guess I must have keeled over," he evaded, brokenly, in answer to Stanley's excited questions. "I—oh, there you are, Miss Montrose. Half an hour later, leaving Felix to notify the doctor of Parrish's presence, Harold and Florence went to the photographic 'dark room.' The girl had equipped on the second floor of the Montrose home.

At the same moment, Pierre La Rue, creeping along the hallway, halted just outside the 'dark room' door, and listened, in evident worry. Leaving the door he ran noiselessly toward the now empty laboratory, returning a minute later carrying an odd-shaped tank to which was attached a tube.

Holding the end of the tube to the keyhole of the unventilated 'dark room,' La Rue turned on the tap. The 'dark room' straightway began to fill with a dizzying vapor. But in his haste Pierre turned the lever too suddenly in order to increase the pressure. As a result the tank exploded with a force that tore the 'dark room' door from its hinges.

Stanley staggered out in the hall, and, at a glance, recognized La Rue from his photographic likeness. With a shout he sprang at the man. La Rue, deftly wriggling out of reach of Harold's descending arm, bolted across the hall and upstairs. Harold followed.

Up, up ran La Rue; the two young men at his heels. He sprang at last up the scuttly ladder, kicking it away from under him, and gained the roof. Harold, picking up the fallen ladder and climbing in turn to the roof, was in time to see La Rue crouch for an instant on the parapet edge, then launch himself into the air.

Across a ten-foot space La Rue sprang; till his outflung arms seized the boughs of a tall tree that grew beside the house. He worked his way swiftly to the trunk and, with the speed of a cat, slid down to the ground far below.

As Pierre's feet touched the earth, Stanley bent over the parapet and, drawing his revolver, fired at the fleeing figure. La Rue's left arm was suddenly jerked upward by a spasmodic twitch of the nerves.

Felix, alone of the household, took no part in the man-hunt. In the deserted laboratory he stood, his left sleeve rolled up; bathing a wound in his forearm.

At last the searchers realized that they were on a fool's errand. They gathered in the great lower hallway, panting from their fruitless efforts. And there Felix, descending the stairway, found them.

"I have been searching the roof, sir," he said in reply to a question from the unhappy doctor. "No trace of him up there."

"There is a trace of him here, though," said Florence, in sudden triumph, as she recalled that she still carried the precious photographic plate. "Look, dad!"

She handed it to Dr. Montrose. He held the negative to the light, studying it long and earnestly, his face gray with suffering. Then Parrish stretched out his hand for it.

"It's our best clue, so far," said Harold. "The photograph of the 'Crimson Stain' murderer. And no one will believe how we got it. We—"

He broke off with a cry of anger. Parrish, clumsily handling the fragile plate, had let it slip from between his fingers. It fell to the polished floor and smashed into a dozen pieces.

"Lord, but I'm sorry!" sputtered Parrish, in noisy contrition. "I'm a butter-fingered bonehead! That's what I am! I'm—"

Harold Stanley was not listening. He had caught a queer look in Parrish's crafty eyes, as the plate fell. Florence, watching her lover, saw a light of sudden knowledge and understanding flash across his face.

His was the expression of a man who has all at once triumphantly solved a baffling problem.

(To be continued next week.)

Doctors regard the case as unusual—New York World.

SOCIETY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE.

week and will be pleased to see their friends.

Mr. Emanuel Haas is spending some time in North Carolina as the guest of friends.

Club Circles.

The District Daughters of American Revolution are invited to attend the unveiling by the Janet Montgomery Chapter of a tablet marking the Presbyterian Church and grammar school in Montgomery County, at Potomac, Md., on Sunday afternoon, October 8, at 2:30 o'clock. Automobiles at River road will meet the guests who go out on the Wisconsin avenue car, changing to the Bradley Hill car.

The Cuitus Club held its first meeting of the season on October 3 at the residence of Mrs. J. E. Nevitt, 1530 Calvert street. After a delightful luncheon the members responded to the roll call with personal incidents of the summer. This was followed by an instructive paper on the Physical Features of the Americas and the "Story of Atlantis," by Mrs. Appleton Clark, Jr., and a paper on "The Norsemen," by Miss Lilla J. Heiberger.

Longfellow's "The Skeleton in Armor" was read. In addition to the members there were present two associate members, Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Smith, and five guests, Mrs. Hines, Mrs. Mertz, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Fenning and Miss Bailey.

The Washington section, Council of Jewish Women, will hold its first meeting of the season Tuesday afternoon, October 10, at 2:30 o'clock, in the vestry of the Eighth Street Temple, with its new president, Mrs. Charles Goldsmith, in the chair. A most attractive program has been arranged to open the season, when Mr. George S. Wilson will offer "greetings." Rev. James Shepa Montgomery will address the meeting, his subject being "The Poet as an Interpreter of Life."

Mr. Harry Sandberg, of the Bureau of the South American Republic, will speak on the prophet, "Amos," and Miss Sade Styron will render piano selections. A social hour will conclude the afternoon.

Monticello Chapter, D. A. R., will hold its milestone exercises at Blue Plains on Saturday, October 14, at 2 o'clock. All daughters and those interested are invited.

White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. P. Liewellyn Chambers, Miss Alice Chambers and Mr. William E. Chambers, have come down from their country place in Southampton, L. I.

The autumn season at the Greenbrier has been favored by most wonderful weather, mild temperature prevailing which has brought out all the enthusiasts of outdoor sports. Many arrivals in the past few days from New York, Wash-

ington, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore have added to the list of those already here.

The Duchess de Chaulnes and son, Emanuel, are occupying a cottage in Baltimore row for the autumn months. Mrs. James McDonald, of Washington, has joined her, and on Sunday afternoon Mrs. Charles B. Howry, of Washington, gave a tea for Mrs. McDonald at the Casino, to which she invited the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess de Chaulnes, Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Julian, of Cincinnati; Mrs. DeWitt Talmadge, Mrs. Edwin Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stoum, Dr. and Mrs. Scudder, J. Woolley, Misses Elizabeth Hayes, Anne Henry, Josephine McClure, Mrs. W. James Walker, Mrs. J. L. Hall, Mrs. DeSoto FitzGerald, Mr. George W. Stevens.

Mrs. Hartman K. Evans was hostess Sunday evening at dinner in the Tudor room of the Greenbrier, when her guests included Mrs. Franklin D. Pelton, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Schiff, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fern, Mrs. David Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett B. Wall, Messrs. George W. Stevens, Henry Phelps Case and William H. Sande.

Among those who are here taking "the cure" are Mr. and Mrs. Louis W. Clarke, Mrs. DeWitt Talmadge, Mrs. DeZaldo, Mrs. Ferdinand Wilmerding, Mr. and Mrs. Aubert Fay, Mrs. Albert Goodrich, Capt. John C. Groves, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Schiff, and Henry McVicker.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Willson, of Plainfield, N. J., entertained last evening at Elmhurst at an old-fashioned supper of chicken and waffles, in compliment to Judge and Mrs. W. F. Gardner, and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Schermerhorn. After supper Miss Edith Ivana, of New York, sang several songs most charmingly. The guests included, besides the honor guests, Mrs. Henry R. Buist, Mrs. W. James Walker, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Granville Gray, Mrs. W. L. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wootley, Mrs. Thornton Lewis, Misses Edith Ivana, Elizabeth Hayes, Anne Henry, Josephine McClure, Messrs. Edwin Parsons, Lawrence Lewis, Fielding Taylor and A. H. Ivana.

The Duchess of Manchester, formerly Miss Zimmerman, of Cincinnati, motored over from Hot Springs last week and spent several days at the Greenbrier. With her were Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Julian, of 28 Mt. Auburn avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati. They left Monday for New York, and that evening before leaving the Duchess de Chaulnes entertained them at dinner in the Greenbrier, including Mrs. James McDonald, of Washington.

Mrs. Francis B. Loring and Miss Lydia Loring left Monday for their home in Washington after having spent the summer at the White.

Miss Elizabeth Howry, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Charles B. Howry, of Washington, will give a concert tonight in the ballroom of the Greenbrier for the benefit of the Christmas fund for the mountain children nearby. Miss Howry has just finished a stay of several months at Lake Placid in her bungalow, "Burt's Lodge." In the musical colony, studying under Mme. Sembrich, who also had a summer residence there. She also

studied with Mme. Sembrich, in Nice, and last winter was with Le Forge in New York.

G. W. U. NOTES.

Miss Helen Kendall Hotchkiss has registered at the School of Applied and Fine Arts in New York City.

Miss Edna Dixon was a member of a party this summer at Camp Iroquois, Lake George.

Miss Margaret Knowles, Chi Omega, '16, has accepted a position as high school teacher at Falls Church, Va., and Miss Mabel Blanchard, Chi Omega, '16, is teaching in the high school at Herndon, Va.

Thomas J. Jackson, law, '16, has accepted a position in the American Embassy at London.

Henry H. Drueger, law, '16, will practice law in Minneapolis.

Homer Phillips, law, '16, expects to remain in Washington.

Rodney Lynn, of Kappa Sigma, spent five weeks at the Plattburg military training camp.

Phi Sigma Kappa recently held a well-attended dance at the chapter house.

J. J. Reinhardt and A. L. Stoddard, of Phi Sigma Kappa, have returned to their homes in the West to practice.

Mr. M. K. Sullivan, of Spartanburg, S. C., and H. J. Meherlie, of Rochester, N. Y., were recent visitors at the Phi Sigma Kappa house.

Arnold C. Otto, '16, a member of the Washington chapter of Phi Sigma Kappa, has been elected a member of the Wisconsin assembly.

Herbert Paul Middleton, engineering, '14, has resigned his position in the State Department to accept the post of fiscal agent in the United States Embassy at London.

Messrs. Delaney, Keenan, Morgan, Mehurin, and Hudson, of Sigma Nu, recently went on an automobile trip to Philadelphia.

Leo C. Terry, '16, prominent leader of student activities during the last few years, recently left for Montana, where he will teach school and take up a home-stead claim.

The new Sigma Nu fraternity house at 1728 P street northwest has been improved extensively.

Messrs. Gryhn and Ennis, of Northwestern University, spent the summer at Sigma Nu house preparing for army officer examinations.

Miss Elizabeth Davis, Miss Mabel Blanchard, and Miss Theodora D. Seibold took the physical education course at Harvard Summer School. Later Miss Davis went to Old Orchard, Me.; Miss Blanchard to Portland, Me.; and Miss Seibold to Kinson Lake, N. H.

Sigma Phi Epsilon is starting the season at its new chapter house, 1623 K street northwest.

Delta Tau Delta was guests recently at a dance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton L. Collamer.

Electrically heated clamps that will create a man's trousers while he is wearing them have been invented.

A \$2.00
Waist
FREE
THE Gamond
Company, Inc.
402 Seventh St. N. W.
A \$2.00
Waist
FREE

MONDAY'S BIG EVENT



A Sale of \$22.50 Suits at
\$17.95
AND A \$2.00 WAIST FREE



Monday we put on sale 50 suits selling up to \$22.50 in all wanted shades, all sizes and several different styles. A most remarkable value specially priced for this sale at \$17.95.

And we are going to give you ABSOLUTELY FREE a pretty waist that we sell for \$2. Six styles of waists to choose from; in all colors; sizes from 36 to 46.

These suits are the best value in the city—all standard materials, guaranteed linings, and are absolutely comparable to suits selling anywhere up to \$22.50.

BE SURE TO ASK FOR YOUR WAIST FREE!